

## Wu-Tang "Kill Too Hard"

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They told me what happened alright  
You're still young and things like that always happen  
When you'll learn then you'll know not to make those  
mistakes

Really? These dudes don't want it with Deck, no my set  
glow  
Hate it or you love it but you gonna respect though  
You ain't got to know my name, check the blood, sweat  
and tears  
For years, niggas know I bang

I'm a made nigga caking what you call a boss  
On my own two, never taking orders from ya'll  
What I spit, get the corners involved, it's wreck on the  
yard  
It's House Gang, son it's more than hard

The life that'll glamor and glitz, best believe  
On the flip side nigga, it's them hammers and clips  
Wanna live in high fashion and rich, so we scramble  
the strip  
Camouflage with they hand on the grip

Ain't nothing gon' stop kid from getting his due  
No, your feet's not big enough to fit in his shoe  
I don't rock what you rap, niggas  
They be pole on 'The Wire', just not HBO

They under fire, edge around the way we know  
They know they time up, guess that's why they hate me  
so  
But yo, they will never take me though, I had to go like  
Montana licking, sniffing crazy blow

Still I be hard to kill like Seagal  
Warrior built big shield and long sword  
One six ooh'ing it, doing it, king size  
Salutations, that's respecting the king eyes

For those that follow my lead, attract to the light  
At the same time, marvel the speed

I'm so dope I can bottle it free  
The most influential, modern day murderous he

Yo, deep in the bungalow, chopping the motherload  
Carving my own path, taking another road  
I need a son to soul, he brought the troops with him  
It sounds presidential, I got the truth serum

Don't want the booth near him, respect in the sabotage  
I'm on the patio, stretched in my camouflage  
And my grammar's hard, the Wolverine skeleton  
I be the yellow man, snatching on the other brand

But on the other hand, light up the darkness  
I'm stir fried, nigga, yeah, I'm heartless  
My apartment is a hole in the wall, nigga  
Pass me the rock, stop holding the ball

I told you before, under worsen conditions  
Chessboxing, nigga, mic's a dead body position

Aiyo, it's time to make cash dinero  
I'm going to the Summer Jam concert to bash your hero  
Lie up in your bedroom, smash your bureau  
We looking for the money, man pass the Euro

Apartment to pesos, pass the yen  
And we don't want to have to ask again  
'Cause we ain't gon' be laughing then  
These three men, take on your whole staff and win

Look, labels stay messing with a cat's future  
And that weighs on me heavy like Rasputia  
But I still keep spitting like a shortstop  
I'ma be sitting at the table when the cork pop

You gon' be sitting at the table with a pork chop  
Lacking on the beat like a short cop  
It's your boy Ace, BK's own  
All you ringtone rap dudes please stay home, come on

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